

KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEER.

FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE OF KENTUCKY, NOT THEIR WRONGS.

VOLUME 1.

SALYERSVILLE, MAGOFFIN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, OCT. 18, 1912.

NUMBER 4

KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEER

Entered as Second Class Matter
Jan. 12, 1911 at the postoffice
at Salyersville, Ky., under the
act of March 3, 1879.

TERMS.

\$1.00 a year in advance
.60 six months.
.35 three months.

Advertising Rates.

10 cents per inch.
First page ads twelve and one-half cents per inch.
Locals 10 cents per line for first insertion. 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.
Resolutions and funeral notices 5 cents per line.
Resolutions, Cards of Thanks and Obituaries, 5c per line.

Announcements for County offices, \$5.00 cash in advance.
District announcements, \$10.00

S. B. ELAM, Editor.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce

FRANK BLAIR,

of Salyersville, as a candidate for the nomination for clerk of Magoffin county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce

L. C. BAILEY,

of Salyersville, as a candidate for the office of County Judge of Magoffin county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce

LOUIS MARSHALL,

of Salyersville as a candidate for the nomination for sheriff of Magoffin county subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce

J. J. PACE,

of Conley, as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Magoffin county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce

PROCTOR PACE,

of Salyersville, as a candidate for the office of Jailor of Magoffin county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce

W. J. PATRICK,

of Salyersville, as a candidate for the office of County Judge of Magoffin county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce

DOC G. HOWARD

as a candidate for the office of Judge of Magoffin county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

EDITORIAL.

"Honesty is the best policy" in politics as well as business.

We haven't the least idea as to who will be running against Judge Kirk when the November election rolls around. We do have an idea that he will get such a number of progressives, republicans and democrats that no man in Kentucky could hope to be elected over him. Judge Kirk seems to be the man for the place, and that's what the thinking voters want.

The Republicans of Kentucky have for some time had no hope of carrying the State but they have been trying to get 20 per cent of the votes so that Kentucky would still have a Republican party. Under the new primary law the party that fails to get the required twenty per cent fails to be a recognized party.

This is one reason why many party leaders of Magoffin insist on voting the Republican ticket. They say that it will not have any bearing on the Presidential campaign, as Wilson will carry Kentucky, but that it will make all the difference in the County primary next August when Kentucky will have no Republican party if the Party fails to poll one fifth of the votes that are cast in the State this fall. The democrats are tickled over the situation.

Correspondence.

TO CORRESPONDENTS: Mail your letters early so they will get to us not later than Monday night. RULES: Write on one side of the paper only; write plainly; spell names correctly, and write "Cor" on the envelope. Leave out neighborhood visits or we will.

If your letter does not appear, remember that it was either too late or that its contents did not justify publication.

We leave out a part, or all, of other letters as well as yours. Our space is limited and we must leave out much that is intended for publication. That is one of the many unthankful tasks of the editor.

Correspondents get your LETTERS in early.

A CORRECTION.

Dear Editor,

As I find you made a mistake concerning the death of my friend Jay Dyer, I will ask you as a friend to take notice as to how the accident happened. He and myself went into his room to see a picture he had in there. After we had looked at the picture he said he wanted to show me his gun and took it from a shelf and I was afraid of the gun and I asked him if it were loaded he said not and he removed the magazine and I asked him again if it were empty and he said "It is" and he cocked it with the muzzle again at my body, reached it to me muzzle foremost and I looked down it and said it is a fine gun he said it is a fine one and took hold of the barrel and pulled it around and rubbed it with his right hand and said it has begun to rust, I must clean it up he loosed it and I was looking at some little warps in it and said don't think I can operate this gun and began to grip the trigger as I did not know it would carry a load in the barrel and expected to hear it snap so when the hammer went down it fired and shot him. So I ask you as a friend to notice this carefully and publish it. So I remain your best friend,

Thomas H. Hoskins.

Gapville,

The stork visited the homes of Silas England and Morgan Whitaker leaving two fine boys.

Grace the little daughter of Jim Prater is some better now.

Adam son of John Holbrook who has had fever is up and going at least.

Frank Stanley wife and son, started Monday for Millers Creek where they expect to stay quiet a while.

Devie and Trula Brown passed here on their way to Floyd Co. where they will visit relatives for a few days.

Wishing the mountaineer success.

M. B. H.

ROOSEVELT Shot

While on his Way to make a speech

AT MILWAUKEE. HE WILL RECOVER, IT IS THOUGHT.

(Special to the Mountaineer Tuesday.)

While in an automobile, on his way to make a campaign speech at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Colonel Roosevelt was shot in the left side, by a commonly-dressed man, last Monday afternoon. An attempt to lynch the would-be assassin was averted by four policemen. Other members of the party did not know what had happened and the Colonel was taken to the place of speaking.

He held his coat over the blood stain and for thirty minutes addressed the audience when he became exhausted and was compelled to stop his speech. He was rushed to an emergency hospital where six physicians attended him until midnight and were not satisfied as to the location of the ball. It is located in the chest.

(LATER.)

The shooting took place in the street in front of the Hotel Kilpatrick. Colonel Roosevelt reached Milwaukee shortly after 5 o'clock and making his way through the crowd which had gathered at the station, entered an automobile and was driven to the hotel. He took dinner in a private dining room on the main floor with the members of the party of his private car.

After dinner Colonel Roosevelt went to his room on the second floor of the hotel, and shortly before 8 o'clock he started for the Auditorium. His automobile stood in front of the door and about it was a big crowd waiting to catch a glimpse of the Colonel as he started off. With the Colonel were Philip Roosevelt, a young cousin; Mr. Cochems, Mr. Martin and Captain Girard.

The crowd pressed close about the car and gave a cheer as he approached. As the party approached the automobile Colonel Roosevelt's companions stood aside and he stepped into the car. Martin entered directly behind him, and sat on the further side of the car.

Colonel Roosevelt stood up, waving his hat in answer to the cheers of the crowd. The assassin was standing in the crowd a few feet from the automobile. He pushed his way to the side of the car and raising his gun fired.

Martin caught the flash and leaped over the car a second after the bullet sped on its way. Colonel Roosevelt barely moved as the shot was fired. Before the crowd knew what had happened Martin, who is six feet tall and a former foot ball player, had landed squarely on the assassin's shoulders and had borne him to the ground.

He threw his right arm about the man's neck with a death-like grip and with his left arm seized the hand that held the revolver. In another second he had disarmed him.

DO NOT SUBSCRIBE for the Mountaineer if you do not Want the news of Magoffin.

DON'T ADVERTISE in the Mountaineer if you have nothing to sell. DON'T give us a SINGLE dollar's worth of job work if you prefer to see some office in another county be profited thereby.

DON'T insist that your neighbor subscribe for the Mountaineer if you do not want your County to have a prosperous newspaper.

DO NOT borrow your neighbor's paper and expect us to give the news as fully as if you contributed your little mite to help us pay expenses. REMEMBER that if we are to give a full account of your great niece's wedding or your great uncle's funeral, as well as other news, and hundreds of others must pay two cents per week to help "Make the mare go".

However, If You Are For a better County and a better County Paper See the EDITOR, Or ALONZO KEETON, Salyersville, Ky.

DOUBLE Your Salary by attending The Paintsville BUSINESS COLLEGE, EASTERN Branch of the Bowling Green Business University, Bowling Green, Ky. For further Particulars Address PAINTSVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE Paintsville, Ky.

Colonel Roosevelt stood calmly looking on as though nothing had happened. Martin picked the man up as though he was a child and carried him the few feet which separated them from the car almost to the side of the Colonel.

"Here he is," said Martin, "Look at him, Colonel."

All this happened within a few seconds and Colonel Roosevelt stood gazing rather curiously at the man who attempted his life before the stunned crowd realized what was going on.

Then a howl of rage went up. "Lynch him! lynch him!" cried

a hundred men. The crowd pressed in on them and Martin and Captain Girard, who had followed Martin over the side of the automobile, were caught with their prisoner in the midst of a struggling throng of maddened men. It seemed for the moment that he would be torn to pieces by the infuriated men, and it was Colonel Roosevelt himself who intervened on his behalf. He raised his hand and motioned to the crowd to fall back.

"Stop! Stop!" he cried. Stand back; don't hurt him."

The assassin was taken by the police and the party moved on some distance before it was dis-

covered that Roosevelt was shot. Colonel Roosevelt looked down saw the hole, then unbuttoned his big brown coat which he was wearing and thrust his hand beneath it. When he withdrew his hand his fingers were stained with blood. Colonel Roosevelt was not at all dismayed by his discovery.

"It looks like I have been hit," he said "I don't think it is anything serious."

Dr. Scurry Derrell, of Dallas, Texas Colonel Roosevelt's physician who had entered the automobile just before it started off, insisted that the Colonel return to (Continued on page 4.)

The DAY of the DOG

BY
**GEORGE BARR
M'CUTCHEON**
AUTHOR OF "GRAUSTARK"

PROLOGUE OF THE STORY.

The junior member of the law firm of Rolfe & Crosby is forced to visit his pretty widow client, Mrs. Delancy, in a small Illinois town. Arriving in the morning, he is compelled to walk to the house. Entering the grounds by way of the stable, he is attacked by a bulldog and takes refuge on a raft until the appearance of the dog's master, Mr. Austin, brother-in-law of Mrs. Delancy, who demands to know Crosby's business in the town. He pretends to distrust Crosby. Mrs. Delancy appears and is apprised of the fact that her brother-in-law, Mr. Austin, is intending to rob her of part of her inheritance. She joins Crosby on the raft and signs the papers. Austin informs them that the dog will be left to watch them all night. Crosby climbs down to battle with the dog and allow Mrs. Delancy to escape. He removes his vest and by enticing Swallow to lock his jaws in it, swings the dog into a box stall. They escape and discover that Austin has sent for a posse to arrest Crosby.

Fugitives.
"H. but I'm going with you!" she said positively.
"Like a thief too! I could not permit that, you know. Just stop and think how awkward for you it would be if we were caught flying together."

"Birds of a feather. It might have been worse if you had not disposed of Swallow."
"I must tell you what a genuine brick you are. If they overtake us it will give me the greatest delight in the world to fight the whole posse for your sake."

"After that do you wonder I want to go with you?" she whispered. And Crosby would have fought a hundred men for her.

The marshal and his men were now following Mr. Austin and the lantern toward the barn, and the road was quite deserted. Mrs. Delancy and Crosby started off rapidly in the direction of the town. The low rumble of distant thunder came to their ears, and ever and anon the western blackness was faintly illumined by flashes of lightning. Neither of the fugitives uttered a word until they were far past the gate.

"By George, Mrs. Delancy, we are forgetting one important thing!" said Crosby. They were striding along swiftly arm in arm. "They'll discover our flight, and the railway station will be just where they'll expect to find us."

"Oh, confusion! We can't go to the station, can we?"

"I know what we can do. Scott Higgins is the tenant on my farm, and he lives half a mile farther from town than Austin. We can turn back to his place, but we will have to cut across one of Mr. Austin's fields."

"Charming. We can have the satisfaction of trampling on some of Mr. Austin's early wheat crop. Right about face! But, incidentally, what are we to do after we get to Mr. Higgins'?" They were now scurrying back over the ground they had just traversed.

"Oh, dear me, why should we think about troubles until we come to them?"

"I wasn't thinking about troubles. I'm thinking about something to eat."

"You are intensely unromantic. But Mrs. Higgins is awfully good. She will give us eggs and cakes and milk and coffee and—everything. Won't it be jolly?"

Five minutes later they were plunging through a field of partly grown wheat in what she averred to be the direction of the Higgins home. It was not good walking, but they were young and strong and very much interested in one another and the adventure.

"Hello! What's this? A river!" he cried as the swish of running waters came to his ears.

"Oh, isn't it dreadful? I forgot this creek was here, and there is no bridge nearer than a mile. What shall we do? See, there is a light in Higgins' house over there. Isn't it disgusting? I could sit down and cry!" she wailed. In the distance a dog was heard barking fiercely, but they did not recognize the voice of Swallow. A new trouble confronted them.

"Don't do that," he said resignedly. "Remember how Eliza crossed the ice with the bloodhounds in full trail. Do you know how deep and wide the creek is?"

"It's a tiny bit of a thing, but it's wet," she said ruefully.

"I'll carry you over." And a moment later he was splashing through the shallow brook, holding the lithe, warm figure of his client high above the water. As he set her down upon the opposite bank she gave a pretty sigh of satisfaction and naively told him that he was very strong for a man in the last stages of starvation.

Two or three noisy dogs gave them the first welcome, and Crosby sagely looked aloft for refuge. His companion quieted the dogs, however, and the advance on the squat farmhouse was made without resistance. The visitors were not long in acquainting the good natured and astonished young farmer with the situation. Mrs. Higgins was called from her bed and in a jiffy was bustling about the kitchen, from which soon floated odors so tantalizing that the refugees could scarcely suppress the desire to rush forth and storm the good cook in her castle.

"It's mighty lucky you got here when you did, Mrs. Delancy," said Higgins, peering from the window. "Looks 's if it might rain before long. We ain't

got much of a place here, but if you'll put up with it I guess we can take keer of you over night."

"Oh, but we couldn't think of it," she protested. "After we have had something to eat we must hurry off to the station."

"What station?" asked Crosby sentimentally.

"I don't know, but it wouldn't be a bit nice to spoil the adventure by stopping now."

"But we can't walk all over the state of Illinois," he cried.

"For shame! You are ready to give up the instant something to eat comes in sight. Mr. Higgins may be able to suggest something. What is the nearest?"

"I have it," interrupted Crosby. "The Wabash road runs through this neighborhood, doesn't it? Well, where is its nearest station?"

"Lonesomeville—about four miles south," said Higgins.

"Do the night trains stop there?"

"I guess you can flag 'em."

"There's an east bound train from St. Louis about midnight, I'm quite sure."

While the fugitives were enjoying Mrs. Higgins' hastily but adorably prepared meal the details of the second stage of the flight were perfected. Mr. Higgins gladly consented to hitch up his high boarded farm wagon and drive them to the station on the Wabash line, and half an hour later Higgins' wagon clattered away in the night. To all appearances he was the only passenger, but seated on a soft pile of grain sacks in the rear of the wagon, completely hidden from view, were Mrs. Delancy and Crosby.

Mrs. Delancy insisted upon this mode of travel as a precaution against the prying eyes of persistent marshal's men. Hidden in the wagon bed, they might reasonably escape detection, she argued, and Crosby humored her for more reasons than one.

Higgins threw a huge grain tarpaulin over the wagon bed, and they were sure to be dry in case the rainstorm came as expected. It was so dark that neither could see the face of the other. He had a longing desire to take her hand into his, but there was something in the atmosphere that warned him against such a delightful but unnecessary proceeding. Naturally, they were sitting quite close to each other. Even the severe jolting of the springless wagon could not disturb the feeling of happy contentment.

"I hope it won't storm," she said nervously as a little shudder ran through her body. The wind was now



He Was Splashing Through the Shallow Brook.

blowing quite fiercely and those long distant rolls of thunder were taking on the sinister sound of nearly crashing. "I don't mind thunder when I'm in the house."

"And under the bed, I suppose?" he laughed.

"Well, you know, lightning could strike this wagon," she persisted. "Oh, goodness, that was awfully close!" she cried as a particularly loud crash came to their ears.

The wagon came to an abrupt stop, and Crosby was about to crawl forth to demand the reason when the sound of a man's voice came through the rushing wind.

"What is it?" whispered Mrs. Delancy, clutching his arm.

"Sh!" he replied. "We're held up by highwaymen, I think!"
"Oh, how lovely!" she whispered rapturously.
"How far are you goin'?" came the strange voice from the night.

"Oh, 's far ag'in as half," responded Higgins warily.

"That you, Scott?" demanded the other.

"Yep."

"Say, Scott, gimme a ride, will you? Goin' as far as Lonesomeville?"

"What you doin' out this time o' night?" demanded Higgins.

"Lookin' for a feller that tried to steal Mr. Austin's horses. We thought we had him cornered up to the place, but he got away somehow. But we'll get him. Davis has got fifty men scouring the country, I bet. I been sent on to Lonesomeville to head him off if he tries to take a train. He's a purty des-



The Fugitives Were Enjoying Mrs. Higgins' Good Supper.

perate character, they say, too, Scott. Say, gimme a lift as far as you're a-goin', won't you?"

"I—I—well, I reckon so," floundered the helpless Higgins.

"Really, this is getting a bit serious," whispered Crosby to his breathless companion.

The deputy was now on the seat with Higgins, and the latter, bewildered and dismayed beyond expression, was urging his horses into their fastest trot.

"How far is it to Lonesomeville?" asked the deputy.

"'Bout two mile."

"It'll rain before we get there," said the other significantly.

"I'm not afeared of rain," said Higgins.

"What you can goin' over there this time?"

"You ain't got much of a load."

"I'm—I'm takin' some meat over to Mr. Talbert."

"Hams?"

"No; jest bacon," answered Scott, and his two hearers in the wagon bed laughed silently.

"Not many people out a night like this," volunteered the deputy.

"Nope."

"That a tarpaulin you got in the back of the bed? Jest saw it by the lightning."

"Got the bacon kivered to keep it from gettin' wet 'n case it rains," hastily interposed Scott. He was discussing within himself the advisability of knocking the deputy from the seat and whipping the team into a gallop, leaving him behind.

"You don't mind my crawlin' under the tarpaulin if it rains, do you, Scott?"

"There ain't no no room under it. Harry, an' I won't allow that bacon to get wet under no consideration."

A generous though nerve racking crash of thunder changed the current of conversation. It drifted from the seat and whipping the team into a gallop, leaving him behind.

"I guess he's a purty slick one," they heard the deputy say. "Austin said he had him dead to rights in his barn. That big bulldog of his had him troed on a beam, but when we got there, just after dark, the darned cuss was gone, an' the dog was trapped up in a box stall. By thunder, it showed how desperate the feller is. He evidently come down from that beam an' jest naturally picked that terrible bulldog up by the neck an' throwed him over into the stall."

"Have you got a revolver?" asked Higgins loudly.

"Sure! You don't s'pose I'd go up against that kind of a man without a gun, do you?"

"Oh, goodness!" some one whispered in Crosby's ear.

"But he ain't armed," argued Higgins. "If he'd had a gun don't you s'pose he'd shot that dog an' got away long before he did?"

"That shows how much you know about these crooks, Higgins," said the other loftily. "He had a mighty good reason for not shootin' the dog."

"What was the reason?"

"I don't know jest what it was, but any darned fool ought to see that he had a reason. Else why didn't he shoot? Course he had a reason. But the funny part of the whole thing is what has become of the woman."

"What woman?"

"That widder," responded the other, and Crosby felt her arm harden. "I never thought much o' that woman. You'd think she owned the whole town of Dexter to see her paradin' around the streets, showin' off her city clothes an' all such stuff. They do say she led George Delancy, a devil of a life, an' it's no wonder he died."

"The wretch!" came from the rear of the wagon.

(To be continued.)

A Glance at Current Topics and Events

Washington, Oct. 2.—The greatest naval show in the history of the United States is about to take place at New York when a great line of ironclads and lesser naval craft will be assembled in the Hudson, forming a column of ships the head of which will be off Twenty-third street and the tail reaching to Yonkers. More than 500,000 tons of fighting ships and naval auxiliaries will be in the display, and of this grand total more than 450,000 tons will be super-Dreadnoughts. Dreadnoughts, first class battleships and armored cruisers.

Every type of the American fighting ship will be seen, from the great super-Dreadnought of the Wyoming type to the little submarine. There will be scout cruisers, protector cruisers, gunboats, mine layer ships, torpedo boats, water tenders, naval tenders, colliers, repair ships, torpedo boat destroyers and dispatch boats. The whole will be under the command of Rear Admiral Hugo Osterhaus, commander in chief of the Atlantic fleet.

The fleet has begun to mobilize, and by the 12th most, if not all, of the ships should be swinging at anchor in the Hudson. The great days will be the 14th, 15th and 16th. On the last day the entire armada as it proceeds to sea will pass in review before President Taft. The day previous to that the secretary of the navy will review the fleet at anchor.

The fleet that will be reviewed by the president will number about eighty vessels, of which thirty-one will be battleships, four armored cruisers, three scout cruisers, twenty torpedo boat destroyers, nine submarines and the rest auxiliaries.

A feature of the mobilization will be the first appearance in New York and in the naval line of the two greatest battleships of the super-Dreadnought type now afloat. These two ships are the Wyoming and Arkansas.

Chambers of Commerce Meet.

Chicago, Oct. 1.—Chicago has raised a generous fund with which to entertain the delegates to the fifth international congress of chambers of commerce scheduled to arrive on the 4th, remaining till the 7th. Practically every country in the civilized world will be represented.

Better Agriculture.

Washington, Oct. 1.—A scheme to stimulate agricultural development is being pushed by the crop improvement committee of the Council of Grange Exchanges, an organization composed of nineteen of the twenty-five largest exchanges in the United States. The movement has for its aim the placing in each state of a trained agriculturist, whose duty it will be to study local conditions and make plans for scientific work the crop improvement committee is receiving co-operation from the government, the state schools of agriculture, the railroads, the grain exchanges, commercial clubs and other important bodies. Heretofore almost the only financial aid given to agricultural development in this country has come from the states and the federal department of agriculture.

House of Commons Vacation Ends.

London, Oct. 1.—The reconvening of the house of commons means a busy session for the British statesmen. The home rule proposition, the problem of the church in Wales and the new franchise bill are the most important issues of the moment.

Longworth Is Made to Fight.

Cincinnati, Oct. 2.—Although Nicholas Longworth is the son-in-law of Colonel Roosevelt, he will be opposed for re-election to congress by a Progressive party opponent, and it is said that indirectly an order to that effect came from the colonel himself. Longworth, who has stuck to President Taft, has represented the First district for several terms and has been boomed for governor of Ohio. The boom, however, did not materialize, although the congressman has a strong following. The congress Progressive candidate running against him is Dr. A. O. Zwick, who was a delegate to the Roosevelt Chicago convention.

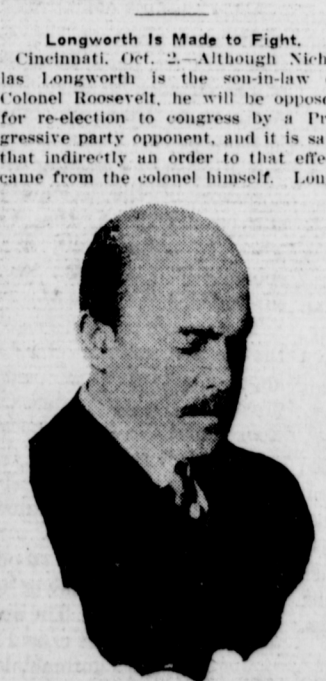


Photo by American Press Association. Nicholas Longworth, Who Ran Afoul of Bull Moose Opposition.

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Boy Scouts Song Birds' Hope.

New York, Sept. 30.—Letters from practically every state in the Union approve the plan outlined by the boy scout leaders for the banding together of the boy scouts for the protection of song birds in co-operation with the game and fish department of the states. This work has been accomplished by

James E. West, chief scout executive of the Boy Scouts of America, and George H. Merritt, secretary of the editorial board.

The boys first of all learn the habits of birds and many things about them. They scout for them with cameras. Then they learn the economic value of birds, how they help the farmer and protect natural resources of the country. They learn how they add to the enjoyment of persons in the woods and finally realize the importance of saving the lives of birds instead of shooting them.

Taft Campaign at Its Height.

Washington, Oct. 3.—The Taft forces are now in the thick of the battle, and Charles D. Hilles, chairman of the national committee, says that very en-



Photo by American Press Association. George Rumsey Sheldon, Treasurer of Republican National Committee.

couraging reports are being received. New life has been put into the campaign, but many of the best efforts have been saved for later use in the presidential struggle. George R. Sheldon, who is handling the funds of the Republican national committee, served in a like capacity in 1908.

Anti-tariff Parade.

New York, Oct. 1.—An anti-tariff parade will be held in this city Nov. 1 under the auspices of the Greater New York Business Men's association, a subsidiary of the American Tariff Reform association, of which ex-Comptroller Herman Metz is president.

British Marine Centenary.

Glasgow, Oct. 1.—A marine exhibition marking the celebration of the centenary of steam navigation in British waters will remain open in Glasgow until Dec. 31. The fete commemorates the launching of the Comet July 24, 1812, and the advent of that vessel in service on the Clyde in the following August. The Comet was the pioneer regular steamer successfully operated in Europe. It has been asserted that her engine has not been excelled in point of simplicity of design and general efficiency. The engine, which is variously stated as of three or four horsepower, had a single upright cylinder twelve and one-half inches in diameter and with a stroke of sixteen inches placed above the crank shaft and driving by means of two rods and a pair of side levers. The crank shaft, on which a heavy flywheel was fixed, was worked from the levers by a connecting rod, and the slide valve was driven by an eccentric on the main shaft through a rocking shaft. The condenser was placed between the side levers, the latter driving the vertical air pump. Steam was supplied by a low pressure boiler set in brick work, fired externally, and placed on one side of the engine.

Other marine exhibits arranged for at the Glasgow show include the following: Models of the paddle steamer Vanguard (the first vessel constructed by Robert Napier when he began building iron vessels in 1843); the Indian troopship Malabar, the Dutch armor clad monitor De Teyler, the gunboat Jackal (the first iron war vessel built on the Clyde, one of the first armor clad floating batteries in the British navy, built within three months at the close of the Crimean war, and one of the first two armor clad frigates in the British navy. There will also be a model of the Great Eastern and one of the Tasmanian (the first screw steamer to carry mails across the Atlantic).

Mayflower For Meyer.

Washington, Sept. 30.—Secretary Meyer of the navy will have to use the presidential yacht Mayflower for off shore cruises this fall, owing to the condition of the old dispatch boat Dolphin, which for a long time has been the secretary's cruising craft. The Dolphin is very much run down, and it has been hinted that she is not seaworthy. She was ordered to be extensively repaired at the New York navy yard.

Foreign Mission Commissioners.

Portland, Me., Oct. 3.—The advance guard of the American board of commissioners for foreign missions has reached Portland for its session Oct. 8-11.

King George an American Exhibitor.
New York, Sept. 30.—Announcement is made that King George V. will exhibit orchids from the royal gardens at the international flower show in this city next April. Never before has a British ruler consented to have his flowers exhibited in public outside of Great Britain. Another exhibitor will be Sir George Halford, winner of the king's cup for orchids in London.

Appalling and Needless Mortality.
Washington, Oct. 2.—The United States is permitting a needless loss of 1,500,000 lives annually and the incapacitating of 3,000,000 persons, according to a senate document issued by Senator Owen of Oklahoma on the subject of the conservation of human life and distributed in support of the movement for the establishment by congress of a federal public health service. The work of such a department would be varied, including direct work in the promotion of health by the government, aiding the healing and educational agencies throughout the country, whether under the auspices of cities or states; obtaining information concerning the cause of diseases and their prevention and disseminating information.

New York Firemen's Carnival.

New York, Oct. 2.—The firemen's tournament and carnival on this date, in connection with the first international conference on fire prevention, in this city, is the first occasion upon which there has been a firemen's carnival with games and sideshows since the time of the old volunteers. The fire prevention conference will continue until Oct. 12.

Women Life Savers.

Boston, Sept. 29.—This city can boast of the first woman's life saving crew, recently organized. The captain is Miss Edith Willock, who says that she has an efficient aggregation. The organization is for the same purpose as the men's life saving crew and is prepared to render assistance in any emergency that may arise. One of its purposes is teaching women and children how to swim and to take care of themselves when bathing or boating.

Sets Example For Brides Elect.

Boston, Oct. 1.—A wholesome bit of news was that which said Ruth Eliot, granddaughter of Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard, intended to qualify as a competent housewife before her marriage to Roger Pierce, Dr. Eliot's private secretary. In an interview she said: "No woman,



Photo by American Press Association. Miss Ruth Eliot, Who Practiced What She Preached on Successful Marriage.

no matter how comfortably situated financially, should think of marrying before she has learned the art of cooking and the proper way in which to administer a household. Good cooking and good housekeeping are great essentials of happiness in marriage. The trouble with marital failures is that too many young women today are ignorant of the art of housekeeping."

Chicago College Event.

Chicago, Sept. 30.—The students and faculty of the University of Chicago made elaborate plans for the dedication of the new university stadium of the college this week. The occasion is of particular importance to the athletic life of the college.

Junior Grandfathers.

London, Sept. 30.—Men's styles this year are running a close second to those for women in point of novelty. Quite the most striking fashion adopted by English dandies is side whiskers. It is not uncommon to meet young men whose affection of these hirsute appendages make them resemble the portraits of their grandfathers. The craze for the costumes of 1830 is held responsible for the side whiskers. Trousers strapped over the boots and scented handkerchiefs are also considered modish for London's fashionable youth.

Anniversary of the Constitution.

Philadelphia, Oct. 2.—There will be a noteworthy celebration in Independence hall Oct. 3 commemorating the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the signing of the constitution of the United States. President Taft and the governors of the thirteen original states of the Union are expected to be present.

The DAY of the DOG

BY
**GEORGE BARR
McCUTCHEON**
AUTHOR OF "GRAUSTARK"

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PROLOGUE OF THE STORY.

The junior member of the law firm of Rolfe & Crosby is forced to visit his pretty widow client, Mrs. Delaney, in a small Illinois town. Arriving in the morning, he is compelled to walk to the house. Entering the grounds by way of the stable, he is attacked by a bulldog and takes refuge on a raft in the appearance of the dog's master, Mr. Austin, brother-in-law of Mrs. Delaney, who demands to know Crosby's business in the barn. He pretends to distrust Crosby. Mrs. Delaney appears and is apprised of the fact that her brother-in-law, Mr. Austin, is intending to rob her of part of her inheritance. She joins Crosby on the raft and signs the papers. Austin informs them that the dog will be left to watch them all night. Crosby climbs down to battle with the dog and allow Mrs. Delaney to escape. He removes his vest and by enticing Swallow to lock his jaws in it, swings the dog into a box stall. They escape and discover that Austin has sent for a posse to arrest Crosby.

Fugitives.

"Oh, but I'm going with you," she said positively. "Like a thief too! I could not permit that, you know. Just stop and think how awkward for you it would be if we were caught flying together."

"Birds of a feather. It might have been worse if you had not disposed of Swallow."

"I must tell you what a genuine brick you are. If they overtake us it will give me the greatest delight in the world to fight the whole posse for your sake."

"After that do you wonder I want to go with you?" she whispered. And Crosby would have fought a hundred men for her.

The marshal and his men were now following Mr. Austin and the lantern toward the barn, and the road was quite deserted. Mrs. Delaney and Crosby started off rapidly in the direction of the town. The low rumble of distant thunder came to their ears, and ever and anon the western blackness was faintly illumined by flashes of lightning. Neither of the fugitives uttered a word until they were far past the gate.

"By George, Mrs. Delaney, we are forgetting one important thing!" said Crosby. They were striding along swiftly arm in arm. "They'll discover our flight, and the railway station will be just where they'll expect to find us."

"Oh, confusion! We can't go to the station, can we?"

"I know what we can do. Scott Higgins is the tenant on my farm, and he lives half a mile farther from town than Austin. We can turn back to his place, but we will have to cut across one of Mr. Austin's fields."

"Charming. We can have the satisfaction of trampling on some of Mr. Austin's early wheat crop. Right about, face! But, incidentally, what are we to do after we get to Mr. Higgins'?" They were now scurrying back over the ground they had just traversed.

"Oh, dear me, why should we think about troubles until we come to them?" "I wasn't thinking about troubles. I'm thinking about something to eat."

"You are intensely unromantic. But Mrs. Higgins is awfully good. She will give us eggs and cakes and milk and coffee and everything. Won't it be jolly?"

Five minutes later they were plunging through a field of partly grown wheat in what she averred to be the direction of the Higgins home. It was not good walking, but they were young and strong and very much interested in one another and the adventure.

"Hello! What's this? A river!" he cried as the swish of running waters came to his ears.

"Oh, isn't it dreadful? I forgot this creek was here, and there is no bridge nearer than a mile. What shall we do? See, there is a light in Higgins' house over there. Isn't it disgusting? I could sit down and cry!" she wailed. In the distance a dog was heard barking fiercely, but they did not recognize the voice of Swallow. A new trouble confronted them.

"Don't do that," he said resignedly. "Remember how Eliza crossed the ice with the bloodhounds in full trail. Do you know how deep and wide the creek is?"

"It's a tiny bit of a thing, but it's wet," she said ruefully. "I'll carry you over." And a moment later he was splashing through the shallow brook, holding the lithe, warm figure of his client high above the water. As he set her down upon the opposite bank she gave a pretty sigh of satisfaction and naively told him that he was very strong for a man in the last stages of starvation.

Two or three noisy dogs gave them the first welcome, and Crosby sagely looked aloft for refuge. His companion quieted the dogs, however, and the advance on the squat farmhouse was made without resistance. The visitors were not long in acquainting the good natured and astonished young farmer with the situation. Mrs. Higgins was called from her bed and in a jiffy was bustling about the kitchen, from which soon floated odors so tantalizing that the refugees could scarcely suppress the desire to rush forth and storm the good cook in her castle.

"It's mighty lucky you got here when you did, Mrs. Delaney," said Higgins, peering from the window. "Looks 's if it might rain before long. We ain't

got much of a place here, but if you'll put up with it I guess we can take keer of you over night."

"Oh, but we couldn't think of it," she protested. "After we have had something to eat we must hurry off to the station."

"What station?" asked Crosby sentimentally.

"I don't know, but it wouldn't be a bit nice to spoil the adventure by stopping now."

"But we can't walk all over the state of Illinois," he cried.

"For shame! You are ready to give up the instant something to eat comes in sight. Mr. Higgins may be able to suggest something. What is the nearest?"

"I have it," interrupted Crosby. "The Wabash road runs through this neighborhood, doesn't it? Well, where is its nearest station?"

"Lonesomeville—about four miles south," said Higgins.

"Do the night trains stop there?"

"I guess you can flag 'em."

"There's an east bound train from St. Louis about midnight, I'm quite sure."

While the fugitives were enjoying Mrs. Higgins' hastily but adorably prepared meal the details of the second stage of the flight were perfected. Mr. Higgins gladly consented to hitch up his high boarded farm wagon and drive them to the station on the Wabash line, and half an hour later Higgins' wagon clattered away in the night. To all appearances he was the only passenger, but seated on a soft pile of grain sacks in the rear of the wagon, completely hidden from view

by this mode of travel as a precaution against the prying eyes of persistent marauders, were Mrs. Delaney and Crosby. Hidden in the wagon bed, they might reasonably escape detection, she argued, and Crosby humored her for more reasons than one. Higgins threw a huge grain tarpaulin over the wagon bed, and they were sure to be dry in case the rainstorm came as expected. It was so dark that neither could see the face of the other. He had a longing desire to take her hand into his, but there was something in the atmosphere that warned him against such a delightful but unnecessary proceeding. Naturally, they were sitting quite close to each other. Even the severe jolting of the springless wagon could not disturb the feeling of happy contentment.

"I hope it won't storm," she said nervously as a little shudder ran through her body. The wind was now

blowing quite fiercely and those long distant rolls of thunder were taking on the sinister sound of nearly crashing. "I don't mind thunder when I'm in the house."

"And under the bed, I suppose?" he laughed.

"Well, you know, lightning could strike this wagon," she persisted. "Oh, goodness, that was awfully close!" she cried as a particularly loud crash came to their ears.

The wagon came to an abrupt stop, and Crosby was about to crawl forth to demand the reason when the sound of a man's voice came through the rushing wind.

"What is it?" whispered Mrs. Delaney, clutching his arm.

"That widdler," responded the other, and Crosby felt her arm harden. "I never thought much of that woman. You'd think she owned the whole town of Dexter to see her parading around the streets, showin' off her city clothes an' all such stuff. They do say she led George Delaney, a devil of a life, an' it's no wonder he died."

"The wretch!" came from the rear of the wagon.

(To be continued.)

"Sh!" he replied. "We're held up by highwaymen, I think!"

"Oh, how lovely!" she whispered rapturously.

"How far are you goin'?" came the strange voice from the night.

"Oh, 's far 'g'in as half," responded Higgins warily.

"That you, Scott?" demanded the other.

"Yep."

"Say, Scott, gimme a ride, will you? Goin' as far as Lonesomeville?"

"What you doin' out this time o' night?" demanded Higgins.

"Lookin' for a feller that tried to steal Mr. Austin's horses. We thought we had him cornered up to the place, but he got away somehow. We'll get him. Davis has got fifty men scouring the country, I bet. I been sent on to Lonesomeville to head him off if he tries to take a train. He's a purty des-



The Fugitives Were Enjoying Mrs. Higgins' Good Supper.

perate character, they say, too, Scott. Say, gimme a lift as far as you're a-goin', won't you?"

"I—I—well, I reckon so," floundered the helpless Higgins.

"Really, this is getting a bit serious," whispered Crosby to his breathless companion.

The deputy was now on the seat with Higgins, and the latter, bewildered and dismayed beyond expression, was urging his horses into their fastest trot.

"How far is it to Lonesomeville?" asked the deputy.

"'Bout two mile."

"It'll rain before we get there," said the other significantly.

"I'm not afeared of rain," said Higgins.

"What are you goin' over there this for?"

"You ain't got much of a load."

"I'm—I'm takin' some meat over to Mr. Talbert."

"Hans?"

"No; jest bacon," answered Scott, and his two hearers in the wagon bed laughed silently.

"Not many people out a night like this," volunteered the deputy.

"Nope."

"That a tarpaulin you got in the back of the bed? Jest saw it by the lightning!"

"Got the bacon kivered to keep it from gittin' wet 'n case it rains," hastily interposed Scott. He was discussing within himself the advisability of knocking the deputy from the seat and whipping the team into a gallop, leaving him behind.

"You don't mind my crawlin' under the tarpaulin if it rains, do you, Scott?"

"There ain't no—no room under it. Harry, an' I won't allow that bacon to git wet under no consideration."

A generous though nerve racking crash of thunder changed the current of conversation. It drifted from the weather immediately, however, to a one sided discussion of the escaped horse thief.

"I guess he's a purty slick one," they heard the deputy say. "Austin said he had him dead to rights in his barn. That big bulldog of his had him treed on a beam, but when we got there, just after dark, the darned cuss was gone, an' the dog was trapped up in a box stall. By thunder, it showed how desperate the feller is. He evidently come down from that beam an' jest naturally picked that terrible bulldog up by the neck an' throwed him over into the stall."

"Have you got a revolver?" asked Higgins loudly.

"Sure! You don't s'pose I'd go up against that kind of a man without a gun, do you?"

"Oh, goodness!" some one whispered in Crosby's ear.

"But he ain't armed," argued Higgins. "If he'd had a gun don't you s'pose he'd shot that dog an' got away long before he did?"

"That shows how much you know about these crooks, Higgins," said the other loftily. "He had a mighty good reason for not shooting the dog."

"What was the reason?"

"I don't know jest what it was, but any darned fool ought to see that he had a reason. Else why didn't he shoot? Course he had a reason. But the funny part of the whole thing is what has become of the woman."

"What woman?"

"That widdler," responded the other, and Crosby felt her arm harden. "I never thought much of that woman. You'd think she owned the whole town of Dexter to see her parading around the streets, showin' off her city clothes an' all such stuff. They do say she led George Delaney, a devil of a life, an' it's no wonder he died."

"The wretch!" came from the rear of the wagon.

(To be continued.)

A Glance at Current Topics and Events

Washington, Oct. 2.—The greatest naval show in the history of the United States is about to take place at New York when a great line of ironclads and lesser naval craft will be assembled in the Hudson, forming a column of ships the head of which will be off Twenty-third street and the tail reaching to Yonkers. More than 700,000 tons of fighting ships and naval auxiliaries will be in the display, and of this grand total more than 450,000 tons will be super-Dreadnoughts. Drednoughts, first class battleships and armored cruisers.

Every type of the American fighting ship will be seen, from the great super-Dreadnought of the Wyoming type to the little submarine. There will be scout cruisers, protector cruisers, gunboats, mine layer ships, torpedo boats, water tenders, naval tenders, colliers, repair ships, torpedo boat destroyers and dispatch boats. The whole will be under the command of Rear Admiral Hugo Osterhaus, commander in chief of the Atlantic fleet.

The fleet has begun to mobilize, and by the 12th most, if not all, of the ships should be swinging at anchor in the Hudson. The great days will be the 14th, 15th and 16th. On the last day the entire armada as it proceeds to sea will pass in review before President Taft. The day previous to that the secretary of the navy will review the fleet at anchor.

The fleet that will be reviewed by the president will number about eighty vessels, of which thirty-one will be battleships, four armored cruisers, three scout cruisers, twenty torpedo boat destroyers, nine submarines and the rest auxiliaries.

A feature of the mobilization will be the first appearance in New York and in the naval line of the two greatest battleships of the super-Dreadnought type now afloat. These two ships are the Wyoming and Arkansas.

Chambers of Commerce Meet.

Chicago, Oct. 1.—Chicago has raised a generous fund with which to entertain the delegates to the fifth international congress of chambers of commerce scheduled to arrive on the 4th, remaining till the 7th. Practically every country in the civilized world will be represented.

Better Agriculture.

Washington, Oct. 1.—A scheme to stimulate agricultural development is being pushed by the crop improvement committee of the Council of Grange Exchanges, an organization composed of nineteen of the twenty-five largest exchanges in the United States. The movement has for its aim the placing in each state of a trained agriculturist, whose duty it will be to study local conditions and to plan for scientific farm management plans for selection. Its unique work the crop improvement committee is receiving co-operation from the government, the state schools of agriculture, the railroads, the grain exchanges, commercial clubs and other important bodies. Heretofore almost the only financial aid given to agricultural development in this country has come from the states and the federal department of agriculture.

House of Commons Vacation Ends.

London, Oct. 1.—The house of commons session for the British home rule proposal the church in Wales chaise bill are the suits of the mome

Longworth Is

Cincinnati, Oct. 1.—Colonel Roosevelt, for re-election to progressive party opp that indirectly an came from the co



Photo by American Press Association. Nicholas Longworth of Bull M

worth, who has represented several terms as governor of Ohio did not materialize congressman has a congress Progn against hi who was a del Chicago conven

Boy Scouts

New York, S practically eve approve the pl scout leaders fi of the boy scoo song birds in game and fish This work has

James E. West, chief scout executive of the Boy Scouts of America, and George H. Merritt, secretary of the editorial board.

The boys first of all learn the habits of birds and many things about them. They scout for them with cameras. Then they learn the economic value of birds, how they help the farmer and protect natural resources of the country. They learn how they add to the enjoyment of persons in the woods and finally realize the importance of saving the lives of birds instead of shooting them.

Taft Campaign at Its Height.

Washington, Oct. 3.—The Taft forces are now in the thick of the battle, and Charles D. Hilles, chairman of the national committee, says that very en-



Photo by American Press Association. George Rumsey Sheldon, Treasurer of Republican National Committee.

couraging reports are being received. New life has been put into the campaign, but many of the best efforts have been saved for later use in the presidential struggle. George R. Sheldon, who is handling the funds of the Republican national committee, served in a like capacity in 1908.

Anti-tariff Parade.

New York, Oct. 1.—An anti-tariff parade will be held in this city Nov. 1 under the auspices of the Greater New York Business Men's association, the American Tariff Reform association, of which ex-Comptroller Herman Metz is president.

British Marine Centenary.

Glasgow, Oct. 1.—A marine exhibition marking the celebration of the centenary of steam navigation in British waters will remain open in Glasgow until Dec. 31. The fete commemorates the launching of the Comet July 24, 1812, and the advent of that vessel in

King George an American Exhibitor. New York, Sept. 30.—Announcement is made that King George V. will exhibit orchids from the royal gardens at the international flower show in this city next April. Never before has a British ruler consented to have his flowers exhibited in public outside of Great Britain. Another exhibitor will be Sir George Halford, winner of the king's cup for orchids in London.

Appalling and Needless Mortality.

Washington, Oct. 2.—The United States is permitting a needless loss of 1,500,000 lives annually and the incalculating of 3,000,000 persons, according to a senate document issued by Senator Owen of Oklahoma on the subject of the conservation of human life and distributed in support of the movement for the establishment by congress of a federal public health service. The work of such a department would be varied, including direct work in the promotion of health by the government, aiding the healing and educational agencies throughout the country, whether under the auspices of cities or states; obtaining information concerning the cause of diseases and their prevention and disseminating their prevention.

New York Firemen's Carnival.

New York, Oct. 2.—The firemen's tournament and carnival on this date, in connection with the first international conference on fire prevention, in this city, is the first occasion upon which there has been a firemen's carnival with games and sideshows since the time of the old volunteers. The fire prevention conference will continue until Oct. 12.

Women Life Savers.

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Things Farmers Should Know

FARM PERCHERONS

This Type of Horse Is Well Liked In America.

HIGH PRICES FOR STALLIONS.

Good Specimens Will Command at Least \$5,000 Each at Annual French Fair—Failure of American Mares to Produce Colts Is Under Investigation.

Statistics compiled by the Percheron Society of America show that 3,275 high bred Percheron horses were imported into this country in 1910. The Percheron blood is very valuable to farmers of the United States, and it is asserted that the Percheron is the only 2,000 pound horse that can trot like a roadster, which qualities make it desirable for farm purposes. It is also tractable, docile and easily broken,

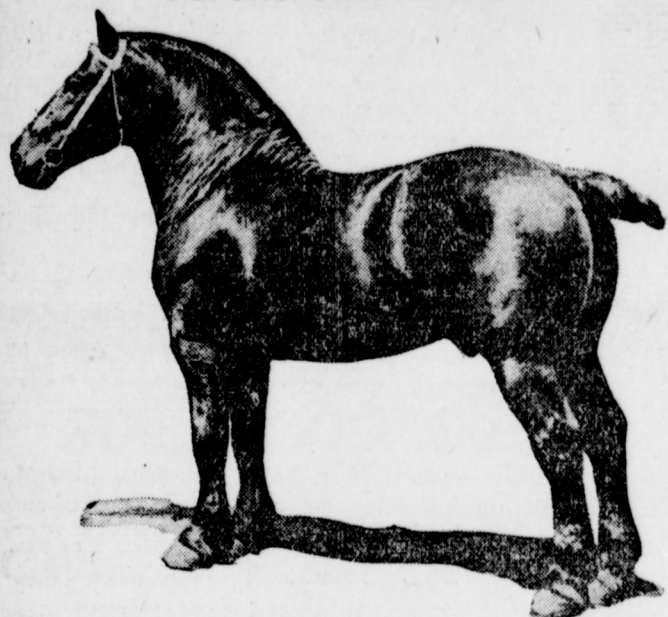
THE HUNDRED BUSHEL YIELD

There are three elements in crop production which can be controlled to a large extent by man—seed, soil fertility and cultivation. The sun and showers cannot be controlled, but nature usually does her part better than man.

There are approximately 3,500 hills of corn on an acre. If the corn is planted three and one-half feet each way. So two one-pound ears to the hill will make 100 bushels of corn to the acre. Just two moderate ears to the hill.

The first essential to the 100 bushel yield is good seed, seed that is in the habit of making big yields. Then be certain of the germinating power. Buy your seed on the cob unless you have full confidence in the party you are buying of.—Farm and Fireside.

Percheron Stallion



having exceptionally good feet for such a heavy type of horse.

These horses, which originated at La Perche, France, have become one of the foremost breeds of draft horses in the world and are being used with great success in all parts of the United States, particularly in the west, where the requirements are for large and powerful horses. Other countries are also extensive users of the Percheron, and in France the annual horse fair, at which the best stallions and mares are disposed of, attract breeders from all parts of the globe, says the New York Times.

The Americans do not, as a rule, buy the expensive prize winning stock, but seek the best for general breeding purposes, while the prize winners are usually shipped to the Argentine.

HARVESTING BEANS.

This Is How a Massachusetts Man Brings In His Autumn Crop.

In Massachusetts beans are raised in large quantities. They put nitrogen into the soil before the land goes back to grass, and at \$2.25 and \$3 a bushel beans are a profitable crop despite the rather costly work of thrashing in a section where grain machinery is scarce.

Until lately we did not know how to harvest beans to the best advantage. Following the time honored method described in Uncle Sam's bulletin on this crop, we pulled the vines in September when they were judged to be ripe and stacked them round poles to cure. If the weather was dry during that process the results would be fair-

"UPPER BERTHS" FOR HOGS.

Method of Housing Them That Has Been Found to Produce Good Results.

A number of the most prominent hog breeders of today are putting concrete into their piggeries. In the minds of many, however, concrete is objectionable as a flooring on account of its being cold and damp, especially during the winter months. Maple farm, in Cook county, Ill., has overcome this objection in a part of one of its houses by means of a novel plan—a plan which might be advantageously used by many breeders.

One end of the main piggery is used for finishing pigs preparatory to shipment and is divided into pens, each approximately ten feet square. On the south side of each pen is a raised wooden platform or upper berth, with an inclined walk leading up to it from the floor level. This upper berth is about three feet above the floor, is about four feet wide and is made of heavy planking. On the south and north sides, with the exception of where the runway comes up, are railings two feet high to prevent the pigs from being pushed through the windows or off the platform to the floor below.

The pigs soon learn the use of this upper berth and enjoy themselves immensely on it. Lying up there during the cold winter days, basking in the sunlight which pours through the south windows, they are comfort exemplified.—Country Gentleman.

Horse Notes.

For worms in colts try mixing exsiccated sulphate of iron, sublimed sulphur and powdered wormseed equally. Give a heaping tablespoonful every morning in a wheat bran mash for six days in succession.

"Lack of exercise, with high feeling, is the cause of 75 per cent of poor foal getters," said Dr. C. W. McCampbell, assistant in animal husbandry at the Kansas Agricultural college.

A good hoof ointment is composed of linseed oil, raw, one-fourth pound; crude petroleum, one-fourth pound; neatsfoot oil, one-fourth pound; pine tar, one-fourth pound. Mix. Apply every night. Clean out hoof before applying.

Be careful about feeding horses inclined to heavy too much hay or hay that is dusty.

Good, Hard Cow Sense.

Don't become discouraged with your cows because you happen to read of some one who has made a record of 800 pounds of butter fat in a single year. If four of your cows are making that amount you are doing well under average farm conditions. The cow that produces less than 120 pounds of butter fat in a year is a "boarder" and should be made into "hamburger" for our city brothers. It is not good business to exchange \$50 worth of feed for \$40 worth of butter fat and throw in a lot of hard work for good measure.—Iowa Homestead.

Don't Give Ice Water.

It is much cheaper to warm water for cows with a tank heater than it is to make the cow do this work.

The Surprising Outcome of The Leap Year Round Robin

By MARY MARSHALL

IN large cities marriages among the so called higher classes are decreasing. A young man even of means has many things to deter him from matrimony and many things to induce him to remain single. Housekeeping in style is expensive, while there are magnificent clubhouses in which a bachelor can spend his leisure.

At a special gathering of young ladies the indisposition of eligible men to marry was under discussion. Miss Markham declared that it was the fault of the girls that they did not use the sex's privilege to "snare the bachelors." "Now, there's Guy Harrison," she said. "He's entirely eligible in every respect. He's president, vice president and director of no end of companies, and everything he touches turns to money. He's thirty-five, well educated, refined and intellectual. Why hasn't some girl appropriated him? Men don't think of marrying, or if they do they consider it in the remote future till they are snared."

"Very well," said Miss Boyd, a spinster of thirty; "consider yourself appointed to snare Mr. Harrison."

"Thank you for the honor conferred upon me, but I am not inclined to do all the work myself. I will, however, join in a round robin with the others present with a view to accomplishing the purpose. Let us each write a leap year letter to Mr. Harrison proposing marriage. This will arrest his attention and force him either to choose one of us or appear ungallant."

"Bravo!" shouted every girl present. "How delightful! Come, let us begin."

Letters were written by five young ladies, each one of whom signed an assumed name to her epistle. Miss Boyd refrained on the ground that at her age it would be highly improper to offer herself. To this the others assented. She was surely passe, though a very attractive woman. She wrote Mr. Harrison that she would be pleased to have him send his reply to her and call upon her for information concerning the writers. Then all the letters were put into the postoffice at one time, that they might be received together. Miss Boyd promised as soon as a reply was received to call the candidates to her house to hear it read.

A week passed, and not hearing from their medium, the young ladies became impatient. Then after consultation they resolved to go to her house and ask if a reply had not been received. Miss Boyd received them, somewhat embarrassed and with a faint color in her cheeks. She admitted that she had received a reply and handed it to Miss Markham to read.

Dear Miss Boyd—I heartily approve of the leap year plan adopted by certain young ladies, but disapprove of any lady who was present shirking her part in it. I shall withhold my selection until satisfied that every woman present at the time the round robin was decided on has sent in her proposal.

The girls all looked at each other.

Miss Boyd proved equal to the occasion. "It is evidently a ruse," she said, "to gain time. To accommodate you I will take measures to bring him to a decision by writing a proposal. It will be a mere form. My identity will be the only one he will know. He will then plan for further delay by asking for the names of the others. But do not despair; some of you will bring him down yet." This view of the case satisfied the candidates, and the young ladies went away. All admitted that a middle aged man would be sure to choose, if at all, from among the youngest candidates.

Another week passed without word from Miss Boyd. The young ladies, growing impatient, went again in a body to her house. Again she received them with embarrassment and this time refused to show a reply she had received. Attacked front, flanks and rear, she at last yielded. The reply was this:

Dear Miss Boyd—I return certain anonymous letters received by me recently, none of which interests me. Your proposition will be considered and a reply sent you later.

There was a blank stare on the faces of the candidates. Then Miss Boyd, recovering her equanimity, said:

"Our plan has failed. It has been evident from the first that Mr. Harrison is sufficiently adroit to get out of the trap without appearing ungallant."

"Ungallant!" cried one of the girls. "Is it gallant to say to a woman who proposes that her reply will be sent later, with a view not to sending it at all?"

This remark gave the impression held by the girls, and all took their departure feeling that the plan had miscarried. Indeed, each girl, though her identity was unknown to the snubber, felt that she had been snubbed.

A month passed, and the episode was nearly forgotten. Occasionally Miss Boyd would be asked if anything more had come of the matter, to which she invariably replied:

"You silly girl! Wasn't it plain to you that Mr. Harrison was too smart for you all?"

But one morning each of the five rejected candidates rushed to the other four, exclaiming, "Have you seen it?"

"Yes, isn't it shameful?"

"Catch me again employing a woman as a go-between in such an affair!"

The occasion of this comment was an item in the society columns of a newspaper:

The engagement is announced of Mr. Guy D. Harrison to Miss Margaret Boyd. "You are all wrong!" said a married woman to one of the ex-candidates on hearing the invidious remarks. "Margaret Boyd is only twenty-nine, and there has never been a time that she couldn't get almost any bachelor in the city she wanted."

The water power of the United States at present totals 6,000,000 horsepower.

FEED GRASS TO THE CAT.

A Handful or Two Once a Week Is Advised.

Many books are written about diseases of the dog, but the same attention is not devoted to the feline flesh is heir. Yet the cat is the more delicate animal of the two and is subject to practically all the same ailments as the dog. Cats, for example, suffer from distemper, though to nothing like the same extent as dogs. On the other hand, for one dog suffering from "liver" you will meet ten cats afflicted with this complaint, which is so often fatal to them because its nature is not understood by puss' owner. Both dogs and cats suffer from mange, but feline mange is really distinct from the canine variety. The point, however, is that the ailments of the cat are little studied and understood by the average owner. The first thing to know is that the best natural medicine for a cat is grass. Of course if you have turf of your own the cat will get all the grass it needs. Failing this, you should make a point of giving your pet a handful or two of fresh cut grass at least once a week.—London Answers.

USES FOR CUTTLEBONE.

The Time Was When It Was Utilized as a Medicine.

Cuttlebone was once made use of as a medicine, but it is now used by goldsmiths as a polish and by bird fanciers as food for caged birds. This cuttlebone, so called, is no bone at all, but a very wonderful structure consisting almost entirely of pure chalk and having been at one time loosely imbedded in the substance of some departed cuttlefish. It is an oval bone, white and hard on the outside, but soft and friable within, and is inclosed by a membranous sack within the body of the cuttle. When the cuttle is living this structure runs through the entire length of the abdomen and occupies about one-third of its breadth. In weight cuttlebone is extremely light, and if it be cut across and examined through a lens the cause of the lightness will at once be apparent. It is not solid, but is formed of a succession of exceedingly thin floors of chalk, each connected with each by hundreds of the smallest imaginable chalky pillars.

MAN'S INTEREST IN MAN.

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Man's sociality of nature evinces itself in spite of all that can be said with abundant evidence by this one fact, were there no other—the unspeakable delight he takes in biography. It is written, "The proper study of mankind is man," to which study, let us candidly admit, he, by true or false methods, applies himself, nothing loath. "Man is perennially interesting to man; nay, if we look strictly to it there is nothing else interesting." How inexpressibly comfortable to know our fellow creature, to see into him, understand his goings forth, decipher the whole heart of his mystery; nay, not only to see into him, but even to see out of him, to view the world altogether as he views it, so that we can theoretically construe him and could almost practically personate him, and do now thoroughly discern both what manner of man he is and what manner of thing he has got to work on and live on!—Thomas Carlyle.

England and Medicines.

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"I suppose those places must have clientele proportionate to their display, but if they had one in proportion to the nonpurchasing window gazers that they attract they would cease to be little shops and would become emporiums."

"I would hate to see them disappear, for they afford pleasant and inexpensive entertainment."—Brooklyn Eagle.

There is certainly something of exquisite kindness and thoughtful benevolence in that rarest of gifts—due breeding.—Bulwer.

Aid to the Melancholy

Of Necessity.

"There is a lot of humor, real humor, to be found on battlefields," said General Nelson A. Miles at a dinner.

"I remember the case of a retreat which was really a rout."

"In this retreat the commanding general, as he galloped along like the wind, turned to an aid, who was urging his horse to the limit, and asked: 'Who are our rear guard?'"

"The aid, without the slightest hesitation, replied: 'Those who have the worst horses, sir.'—Popular Magazine.

Sole Mates.



She (an heiress)—I cannot marry you. I've had twenty better men than you at my feet.

He—Humph! Shoe salesmen?

Something to Work For.

"My friend, have you an object in life?"

"Huh?"

"Have you anything to work for?"

"You bet I have. Got a wife and five children."—Washington Herald.

A Bad Debt.

"The world owes me a living," shouted the excitable theorist.

"Well," replied the serene citizen, "you're alive, aren't you?"—Washington Star.

Cured Her.

"Jones grumbles that his wife can't take a joke." "That's funny, seems to me." "How so?" "She took Jones."—Judge.

The Method.

"I see they are now manufacturing asbestos shingles which will not burn," said the teacher. "Well, I don't know about their not burning," said the boy reflectively. "I guess it will depend on how they are used."—Yonkers Statesman.

Poor Kid.

Mother—The teacher complains you have not had a correct lesson for a month. Why is it?

Son—She always kisses me when I get them right.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

How Many Jugs?

"What did the people do on the ark to pass the time, mamma?" "Why—why—oh, they fished, dear."

"But, mamma, they had only two worms."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Laid Under Oath.



Patron—Waiter, is this egg fresh?

Waiter—Yassah, yassah! Laid dis mawmin' sah.

Patron—Hum! Waiter, was the hen under oath when she cackled?

Not a Bit.

She—You know, Mr. Jones, I thought you were much older than you are.

He—Oh, no; not a bit, I assure you.

SUPPLEMENT.

Mesdames Jane Gardner, D. W. Gardner, D. G. Sublett and Mr. and Mrs. John Gardner are attending the State and International Convention of the Christian Church at Louisville.

Dewey, the 13 year old son of Judge W. L. May, was riding across a ravine Monday evening when the horse fell with such force that he was stunned, and remained unconscious until Tuesday morning.

Mrs. W. L. May, while paring pears last Tuesday morning, stuck a pocket knife about one inch deep in her wrist, severing a vein. She is getting along nicely.

Mrs. W. A. Hazeltine left Thursday for Ronceverte, W. Va. to visit her son, Dr. L. F. Metzger, and family.

Sam Metzger left Thursday on a business trip to Louisville.

Dillard McGraw of Cannel City was a visitor here Sat. and Sunday.

Mr. Potts of West Liberty was here last week.

Howard, the three year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Prater is much improved.

R. C. Adams is attending the Masonic Grand Lodge at Louisville this week.

TYPHOID AT QUICKSAND.

J. W. Lunsford, of Winchester, was called Monday to the bedside of his brother, W. B. Lunsford, at Quicksand. Several cases of typhoid have developed there within the past two months. Two of which have resulted fatally in the Good Samaritan Hospital at Lexington one of which was a son of Albert Williams, of Estill county, a brother-in-law of Lunsford. Mr. Lunsford is reported doing nicely. Four other cases are reported at present none of which are expected to result fatally. Dr. Hoge seems to think he has the epidemic under control, but sanitary condition are by no means up to the standard in Quicksand.—Winchester Sun

Things Farmers Should Know

FARM PERCHERONS

This Type of Horse Is Well Liked In America.

HIGH PRICES FOR STALLIONS.

Good Specimens Will Command at Least \$5,000 Each at Annual French Fair—Failure of American Mares to Produce Colts Is Under Investigation.

Statistics compiled by the Percheron Society of America show that 3,275 high bred Percheron horses were imported into this country in 1910. The Percheron blood is very valuable to farmers of the United States, and it is asserted that the Percheron is the only 2,000 pound horse that can trot like a roadster, which qualifies make it desirable for farm purposes. It is also tractable, docile and easily broken,

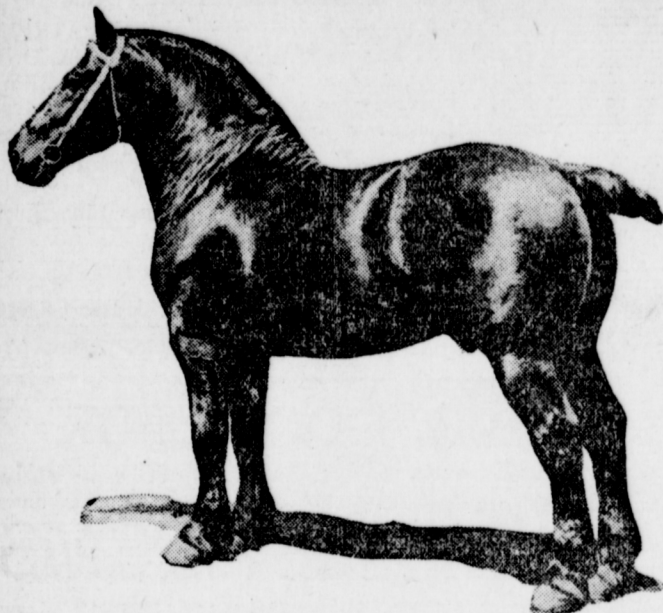
THE HUNDRED BUSHEL YIELD

There are three elements in crop production which can be controlled to a large extent by man—seed, soil fertility and cultivation. The sun and showers cannot be controlled, but nature usually does her part better than man.

There are approximately 3,500 hills of corn on an acre. If the corn is planted three and one-half feet each way. So two one-pound ears to the hill will make 100 bushels of corn to the acre. Just two moderate ears to the hill.

The first essential to the 100 bushel yield is good seed, seed that is in the habit of making big yields. Then be certain of the germinating power. Buy your seed on the cob unless you have full confidence in the party you are buying of.—Farm and Fireside.

Percheron Stallion



having exceptionally good feet for such a heavy type of horse.

These horses, which originated at La Perche, France, have become one of the foremost breeds of draft horses in the world and are being used with great success in all parts of the United States, particularly in the west, where the requirements are for large and powerful horses. Other countries are also extensive users of the Percheron, and in France the annual horse fair, at which the best stallions and mares are disposed of, attract breeders from all parts of the globe, says the New York Times.

The Americans do not, as a rule, buy the expensive prize winning stock, but seek the best for general breeding purposes, while the prize winners are usually shipped to the Argentine. The general price paid for the offerings at the Paris horse sale by the American buyer is \$5,000, and he invariably makes his selections before the judging is done, buying the horses for breeding purposes rather than for their ability in the show ring. A good type of Percheron before the judging will bring about \$5,000, but if successful in winning a prize could not be bought for less than \$7,000.

Every year this fair is attended by a number of American dealers of the west who import the stallions and mares for the breeding of the Percheron in America. This is due to the fact that the United States does not possess sufficient good sires. Even with all its advantage in numbers and in close breeding it is not easy in France to obtain a surplus of stallions, as on an average not one-third of those produced are considered good enough for the stud, but are disposed of for general purposes. What are lacking in America are size and bone, this weakness being due to the multitude of weak sires.

The American farmer and breeder has not adhered to type. He breeds to the Percheron and then crosses back to the road horse, while in France the breeding is absolutely to type. The American importations from France are weakest in the fact that the stallions imported heavily outnumber the mares, and there is a great shortage of good mares in the country.

It is also stated of the American mares that they are not producing the number of foals which existed a few years ago and that only one mare in three produces a colt. Experiments are now being conducted with a large number of barren or semi-barren mares in the central states in an effort to ascertain the reason of the failure to produce. The theory is germ infection, and it is this failing to produce, added to the failure to breed from pure type, which stimulates and sustains the continued foreign importations.

The Bull and the Milk Yield.
Because bulls do not give milk many farmers act on the notion that they cannot impart milking qualities to their calves. This is a great mistake. The sire of a heifer has as much to do with her milking qualities as the dam. If his pedigree shows an unbroken series of dams which were great milkers, there is a practical certainty that his daughters from ordinary dams will be better milkers than their mothers.—Farm and Fireside.

HARVESTING BEANS.

This Is How a Massachusetts Man Brings In His Autumn Crop.

In Massachusetts beans are raised in large quantities. They put nitrogen into the soil before the land goes back to grass, and at \$2.25 and \$3 a bushel beans are a profitable crop despite the rather costly work of thrashing in a section where grain machinery is scarce.

Until lately we did not know how to harvest beans to the best advantage. Following the time honored method described in Uncle Sam's bulletin on this crop, we pulled the vines in September when they were judged to be ripe and stacked them round poles to cure. If the weather was dry during that process the results would be fairly good. If it happened to be wet or muggy, however, the beans gathered dampness and mildewed, and many were spotted. Under these conditions the crop is hard to pick over after thrashing, and the returns are lower. When beans are fairly clean we can sell a good many of them round home.

Instead of stacking the vines to cure we now let them stand in the field until they are "dead ripe." Last fall two inches of snow lay on the crop in the field before we had weather suitable to bring it in. It was not hurt a bit, however. When every sign of green leaves has disappeared we go into the field early some sunny October morning and pull beans as fast as possible, putting them in piles. As long as there is dew on the vines the ripe beans will not shell and can be handled quickly and roughly. About 10 o'clock in the morning the sun will usually have so dried them out that they begin to shell, and then we stop pulling. The piles are forked up into a tight wagon, hauled to the barn and thrashed. By the time the flail strikes them they are in first class thrashing condition and come out clean and white.—Country Gentleman.

Chicken Cholera.

For cholera or any other bowel trouble with which chickens are affected give Venetian red and laudanum in the proportion of four tablespoonfuls of Venetian red and two teaspoonfuls of laudanum to one and one-half gallons of water. I use a wooden fish bucket, which is set under a tree. Do not allow the chickens any other water to drink. If taken in time this is a sure cure. Burn all dead chickens and bad eggs.—Iowa Homestead.

Saving the Seeds.

Leave some of the biggest cucumbers for seed. When they are yellow split them open and scrape the inside out, seeds and all. Spread the pulp out on a tin and leave it until it dries out; then you can separate the seeds nicely. The same way with tomato seed.—Farm Journal.

Plow for Beets in the Fall.

Table beets prefer a good, friable soil that is well drained. Light soil produces early crops, although a clay loam will produce larger yields. Where possible plow the land in the fall. Beets are hardy and can be sown as early as the land can be worked.

"UPPER BERTHS" FOR HOGS.

Method of Housing Them That Has Been Found to Produce Good Results.

A number of the most prominent hog breeders of today are putting concrete into their piggeries. In the minds of many, however, concrete is objectionable as a flooring on account of its being cold and damp, especially during the winter months. Maple farm, in Cook county, Ill., has overcome this objection in a part of one of its houses by means of a novel plan—a plan which might be advantageously used by many breeders.

One end of the main piggery is used for finishing pigs preparatory to shipment and is divided into pens, each approximately ten feet square. On the south side of each pen is a raised wooden platform or upper berth, with an inclined walk leading up to it from the floor level. This upper berth is about three feet above the floor, is about four feet wide and is made of heavy plank. On the south and north sides, with the exception of where the runway comes up, are railings two feet high to prevent the pigs from being pushed through the windows or off the platform to the floor below.

The pigs soon learn the use of this upper berth and enjoy themselves immensely on it. Lying up there during the cold winter days, basking in the sunlight which pours through the south windows, they are comfort exemplified.—Country Gentleman.

Horse Notes.

For worms in colts try mixing exsiccated sulphate of iron, sublimed sulphur and powdered wormseed equally. Give a heaping tablespoonful every morning in a wheat bran mash for six days in succession.

"Lack of exercise, with high feeding, is the cause of 75 per cent of poor foal getters," said Dr. C. W. McCampbell, assistant in animal husbandry at the Kansas Agricultural college.

A good hoof ointment is composed of: linseed oil, raw, one-fourth pound; crude petroleum, one-fourth pound; nertsfoot oil, one-fourth pound; pine tar, one-fourth pound. Mix. Apply every night. Clean out hoof before applying.

Be careful about feeding horses inclined to heaves too much hay or hay that is dusty.

Good, Hard Cow Sense.

Don't become discouraged with your cows because you happen to read of some one who has made a record of 800 pounds of butter fat in a single year. If four of your cows are making that amount you are doing well under average farm conditions. The cow that produces less than 120 pounds of butter fat in a year is a "boarder" and should be made into "hamburger" for our city brothers. It is not good business to exchange \$50 worth of feed for \$40 worth of butter fat and throw in a lot of hard work for good measure.—Iowa Homestead.

Don't Give Ice Water.

It is much cheaper to warm water for cows with a tank heater than it is to make the cow do this work.

First Aid to the Melancholy

Well Qualified.

Whis—I suppose you think that baby of yours will become president some day.

Gills—Maybe not president, but he will be in the race after the nomination, all right. He keeps the whole place in an uproar, uses indecipherable language and can go without sleep for a week.—Brooklyn Life.

An Awful End.

"And you are going to have the here and heroine of your story live happily forever after?"

"No, just the opposite."

"Just the opposite? How so?"

"I'm going to have them marry one another."—Houston Post.

Out of Luck.

Wife—And please remember, sir, I wasn't anxious to marry you. I refused you six times.

Hub—Yes, and then my luck gave out.

Quick Change.



Obese Party—I'd give anything to be as thin as you are.

Thin Friend—You can get that way for \$5 a week.

Obese Party—How, pray?

Thin Friend—Move your trunk over to my boarding house.

The Surprising Outcome of The Leap Year Round Robin

By MARY MARSHALL

IN large cities marriages among the so called higher classes are decreasing. A young man even of means has many things to deter him from matrimony and many things to induce him to remain single. Housekeeping in style is expensive, while there are magnificent clubhouses in which a bachelor may spend his leisure.

At a special gathering of young ladies the indisposition of eligible men to marry was under discussion. Miss Markham declared that it was the fault of the girls that they did not use the sex's privilege to "snare the bachelors." "Now, there's Guy Harrison," she said. "He's entirely eligible in every respect. He's president, vice president and director of no end of companies, and everything he touches turns to money. He's thirty-five, well educated, refined and intellectual. Why hasn't some girl appropriated him? Men don't think of marrying, or if they do they consider it in the remote future till they are snared."

"Very well," said Miss Boyd, a spinster of thirty, "consider yourself appointed to snare Mr. Harrison."

"Thank you for the honor conferred upon me, but I am not inclined to do all the work myself. I will, however, join in a round robin with the others present with a view to accomplishing the purpose. Let us each write a leap year letter to Mr. Harrison proposing marriage. This will arrest his attention and force him either to choose one of us or appear ungallant."

"Bravo!" shouted every girl present. "How delightful! Come, let us begin."

Letters were written by five young ladies, each one of whom signed an assumed name to her epistle. Miss Boyd refrained on the ground that at her age it would be highly improper to offer herself. To this the others assented. She was surely passe, though a very attractive woman. She wrote Mr. Harrison that she would be pleased to have him send his reply to her and call upon her for information concerning the writers. Then all the letters were put into the postoffice at one time, that they might be received together. Miss Boyd promised as soon as a reply was received to call the candidates to her house to hear it read.

A week passed, and not hearing from their medium, the young ladies became impatient. Then after consultation they resolved to go to her house and ask if a reply had not been received. Miss Boyd received them, somewhat embarrassed and with a faint color in her cheeks. She admitted that she had received a reply and handed it to Miss Markham to read:

Dear Miss Boyd—I heartily approve of the leap year plan adopted by certain young ladies, but disapprove of any lady who was present shirking her part in it. I shall withhold my selection until satisfied that every woman present at the time the round robin was decided on has sent in her proposal.

The girls all looked at each other.

Miss Boyd proved equal to the occasion. "It is evidently a ruse," she said, "to gain time. To accommodate you I will take measures to bring him to a decision by writing a proposal. It will be a mere form. My identity will be the only one he will know. He will then plan for further delay by asking for the names of the others. But do not despair; some of you will bring him down yet." This view of the case satisfied the candidates, and the young ladies went away. All admitted that a middle aged man would be sure to choose, if at all, from among the youngest candidates.

Another week passed without word from Miss Boyd. The young ladies, growing impatient, went again in a body to her house. Again she received them with embarrassment and this time refused to show a reply she had received. Attacked front, flanks and rear, she at last yielded. The reply was this:

Dear Miss Boyd—I return certain anonymous letters received by me recently, none of which interests me. Your proposition will be considered and a reply sent you later.

There was a blank stare on the faces of the candidates. Then Miss Boyd, recovering her equanimity, said:

"Our plan has failed. It has been evident from the first that Mr. Harrison is sufficiently adroit to get out of the trap without appearing ungallant."

"Ungallant!" cried one of the girls. "Is it gallant to say to a woman who proposes that her reply will be sent later, with a view not to sending it at all?"

This remark gave the impression held by the girls, and all took their departure feeling that the plan had miscarried. Indeed, each girl, though her identity was unknown to the snubber, felt that she had been snubbed.

A month passed, and the episode was nearly forgotten. Occasionally Miss Boyd would be asked if anything more had come of the matter, to which she invariably replied:

"You silly girl! Wasn't it plain to you that Mr. Harrison was too smart for you all?"

But one morning each of the five rejected candidates rushed to the other four, exclaiming, "Have you seen it?"

"Yes. Isn't it shameful?"

"Catch me again employing a woman as a go-between in such an affair!"

The occasion of this comment was an item in the society columns of a newspaper: The engagement is announced of Mr. Guy D. Harrison to Miss Margaret Boyd. "You are all wrong!" said a married woman to one of the ex-candidates on hearing the invidious remarks. "Margaret Boyd is only twenty-nine, and there has never been a time that she couldn't get almost any bachelor in the city she wanted."

The water power of the United States at present totals 6,000,000 horsepower.

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He—Humph! Shoe salesmen?

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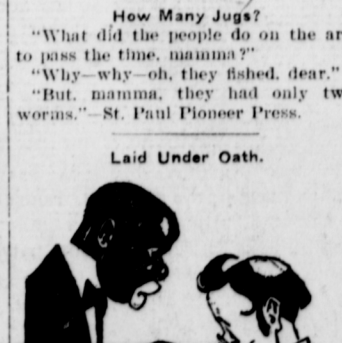
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"That's funny, seems to me."

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"Why—why—oh, they fished, dear."

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—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

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Patron—Waiter, is this egg fresh?

Waiter—Yassah, yassah! Laid dis mawmin' sah.

Patron—Hum! Waiter, was the hen under oath when she cackled?

Not a Bit.

She—You know, Mr. Jones, I thought you were much older than you are.

He—Oh, no; not a bit, I assure you.

Republican Committee.

The following were selected for the Republican Committee for Magistrate's Court last Saturday:

F. D. Bailey,	Salyersville
J. W. W. Lee,	Flat Fork
Willie C. Lee,	State Road
L. J. Lee,	Ivyton
L. J. Lee,	Meadow
Franklin P. Lee,	Lakeville
John A. Lee,	Middle Fork
Lee Bays,	Bloomington
S. C. Allen,	Atkins

There was no meeting held in 4 precincts.

If you die, get married, leave the county, get sick or do anything that is of interest to the public call us up, PHONE 23, or write us.

JURY COMMISSIONERS.

Jesse Borders, Les Higgins, and N. P. Salyer, appointed by Judge Gardner at the June term of Court, will be responsible for the juries for the next twelve months.

FOR SALE.

Two farms for sale. Also two good work mules. For further particulars inquire of

D. M. Atkinson,
Salyersville, Ky.

LOCAL NEWS.

NEW STAMPS

To be issued to carry Parcels Post Packages.

Postmaster General Hitchcock has completed arrangements for giving a series of stamps of twelve denominations for the exclusive use in forwarding packages by the new parcels post, to be ready for distribution December, 1. Ex

"ADVERTISEMENT"

Here is a woman who speaks from personal knowledge and long experience, viz., Mrs. P. H. Brogan, of Wilson, Pa. who says "I know from experience that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is far superior to any other. For croup there is nothing that excels it." For sale at Dr. Kash's Drug Store

Remember that the Mountaineer is now thirty-five cents for three months, sixty cents for six months and one dollar per year in advance.

\$50.00 TO \$100.00 A MONTH
For your spare time—Experience not needed. Want an active man in this locality. To introduce us to your friends. We pay largest cash benefits when sick, injured, and at death, for smallest cost. Free insurance and Cash-Bonus offer to first applicant from this place. Write quick for particulars.
THE L-LU 835, Covington, Ky.

If you write under a Nom de plume be sure to put your real name as well as your assumed to all your letters.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

If you have young children you have perhaps noticed that disorders of the stomach are their most common ailment. To correct this you will find Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets excellent. They are easy and pleasant to take and mild and gentle in effect. For sale at Dr. Kash's Drug Store.

RAILROAD

The railroad has been surveyed out to the head of the head of the left hand fork of the Middle fork of the Kentucky, and it looks very much like that it will be built that way. Sandy Hook Echo.

Advertisement.

When you have a bad cold you want the best medicine obtainable so as to cure it with as little delay as possible. Here is a druggist's opinion: "I have sold Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for fifteen years," says Enos Lollar of Saratoga, Ind., "and consider it the best on the market." For sale at Dr. Kash's Drug Store.

THE PATHFINDER,
One of America's Best
Weekly Newspapers, \$1.00
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**MOUNTAINEER AND
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BOTH ONE YEAR FOR \$1.50



(ADVERTISEMENT)

JUDGE A. J. KIRK.
All Parties Are For Judge Kirk.

SO SAY WE ALL OF US.
[Lexington Leader.]

The Louisville Evening Post offers a suggestion which The Leader gladly indorses. It is that all parties unite in supporting Circuit Judge A. J. Kirk for the vacancy on the Court of Appeals bench caused by the resignation of Judge E. C. O'Rear, which was filled temporarily by the appointment of Mr. Robert H. Winn by Governor Wilson.

Judge Kirk is an ideal selection and is sure of nomination and election no matter what happens in Kentucky or the Nation, but his indorsement by all parties would have a good effect. The Post says on this subject:

"The retirement of all other candidates makes certain the nomination by the Republican party of Judge Andrew J. Kirk, of Johnson County, for the vacancy upon the Kentucky Court of Appeals caused by the retirement of Judge R. H. Winn in November. Mr. Kirk is now a Circuit Judge and one of the best in Kentucky. The district is so overwhelmingly Republican that even in this year of certain Republican disaster the Republican nominee should win easily. Moreover, Judge Kirk is of the material out of which Appellate Judges are made. The Democratic party will do a graceful act in not contesting the election, and Wilson, Taft and Roosevelt men can all unite in the promotion of this Judge."

"So say we all of us." We believe the Leader and Post express the sentiment of practically the entire district and that suggestions offered will be acted upon by the voters of the district.

"ADVERTISEMENT"

J. W. Copeland, of Dayton, Ohio purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for his boy who had a cold, and before the bottle was all used the boy's cold was gone. Is that not better than to pay a five dollar doctor's bill? For sale at Dr. Kash's Drug Store.

(Advertisement.)

I am now stocking up on new goods. For rock bottom prices on meat, lard, flour, meal, and other groceries call on J. S. Fletcher. Your patronage solicited.



This beautiful Joe Hatton stallion for sale by W. T. Elam, Elam, Ky.

CORRESPONDENCE

BRADLEY.

Wm. Adams and John Bailey of Wenatchee, Wash. were at this place to-day.

Miss Fronia Conley of Wheelersburg, O., and Miss Kitty Adams of Salyersville were callers at Bradley last week.

Last Friday night while wrestling, Richmond Risner got his leg broken.

Quite a crowd attended the funeral of "Uncle" Wilson Patrick last Sunday at the Bear Tree Church.

There was a picnic at T. J. Prater's chestnut orchard last Sunday. The following were present. Henry Hackworth and family, Misses Lucy and Fanny Prater, Stella and Lula Birchfield, and Anna Spradlin of Riceville. Messrs. Robert Prater, Tobe Fairchild of Lakeville. All report a good time.

Hopeful.

"ADVERTISEMENT"

Sick headache is caused by disordered stomach. Take Chamberlain's tablets and correct that and the headache will disappear. For sale at Dr. Kash's Drug Store.

NOTICE TO FILE CLAIMS.

Magoffin Circuit Court.

M. F. Patrick, Administrator.

Plaintiff. Vs. Defendant.

Notice to File Claims. Maude Patrick and etc. Defendants. All persons holding claims against Lee Patrick deceased, are hereby notified to file same with me at my office in the city of Salyersville, Ky., on or before the 30th day of Nov. 1912, "provided as required by law for allowance. Witness my hand this 16th day of October 1912.

W. P. Carpenter,
Master Commissioner.

(Advertisement.)

"Any person desiring to assist in the erection of the stone church building of this place will make their contribution to the secretary, Mrs. D. W. Gardner, Salyersville, Ky."

ROOSEVELT SHOT.

(Continued from page 1.)

the hotel. He would not hear to it and the car was driven on to the auditorium.

As soon as they reached the building Colonel Roosevelt was taken into a dressing room and his outer garments were removed. Dr. Derrell, with the help of Dr. John Stratton, of Malwaukee and Dr. Sorenson, of Racine Wis. who were in the audience and came to the dressing room on a call from the platform, made a superficial examination of the wound.

Refused to go to Hospital.

They agreed that it was impossible to hazard a guess as to the extent of the Colonel's injury and that he should by all means go to the Hospital.

"I will deliver this speech or die," was the Colonel's reply.

Despite the protests of his physicians, the Colonel strode out from the dressing room and onto the stage. The crowd packed the big building cheered loudly as he entered and without a word to indicate what had happened he began speaking.

SAYS SLANDER CAUSED ASSAULT.

"Now I wish to say seriously to the speakers and to the newspapers representing both the Republican and Democratic and Socialist parties that they cannot month in and month out, year in and year out make the kind of slanderous, bitter and malevolent assaults that they have made and not expect that brutal violent characters, especially when the brutality is accompanied by a not too strong mind, they cannot expect that such natures will be unaffected by it. I am not speaking for myself at all, I give you my word, I do not care a rap about being shot, not a rap. I have had

a good many experiences in my time, and this is only one of them and this is only one of them. What I do care for is my country. I wish I were able to impress on our people the duty to feel strongly, but to speak truthfully of their opponents. I say now I have never said on the stump one word against any opponent that I could not substantiate, and nothing I ought not have said, nothing, looking back I would not say again. I am all right."

(October 15th)

Colonel Roosevelt arrived at Chicago and is found to be in a more critical condition than was expected. His physicians fear blood poison.

President Taft said "I cannot withhold an expression of horror at the act of the maniac who attempted to assassinate Colonel Roosevelt."

BOY SCOUT QUALIFY.

Paul Rice, Richard Salyer, and Frank Foster have qualified and now wear the Tenderfoot badges.

To become a scout a boy must be at least twelve years of age and must pass a test in the following:

Know the scout law, sign, salute, and significance of the badge.

Know the composition and history of the national flag and the customary forms of respect due to it.

The four out of the following knots: square or reef, sheet-bend, bowline, fisherman's, she p's-shank, hater, clove hitch, timber hitch, or two half hitches.

He then takes the scout bath, is enrolled as a tenderfoot, and is entitled to wear the tenderfoot badge.

1. A scout is trustworthy.
2. A scout is loyal.
3. A scout is useful.
4. A scout is friendly.
5. A scout is courteous.
6. A scout is kind.
7. A scout is obedient.
8. A scout is cheerful.
9. A scout is thrifty.
10. A scout is brave.
11. A scout is clean.
12. A scout is reverent.

THE HAZARD HERALD

Has the following Editors on the Boy Scout movements.

Master Wm. Fitzpatrick, having read of the work and doings of the Boy Scouts of America, has become so enthusiastic over the matter that he has taken the initiative steps, first, to know something more about it, and secondly, a desire to have such an organization in Hazard.

The future of Hazard and Perry county is in the hands of the boys of to-day, and an organization that has for its object loyalty to country, officers, parents and employers, willingness to be useful and to help others, a friend to all, no matter what social class, courteous, friend to animals, obey orders, because it is a duty, who is thrifty and strives to smile and look pleasant under all circumstances, is undoubtedly an organization that should be encouraged.

The Herald will have more to say regarding this movement in the future. For the present it will only say, Boys get together, and would ask the men of Hazard "Pat the boys on the back and bid them good speed in their work."

PRATER HOUSE.

JEFF PRATER PROP'R.
RATES \$1.00 PER DAY.
Live and Fed in Connection.
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Makes and Keeps in Stock a Full Line of

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Prices: Infant Sizes, from \$3. to \$10. Adult Sizes, Coffins \$8. to \$25. Caskets \$20. to \$65. These prices include Boxes and trimming. Office located midway BETWEEN IVYTON AND BRADLEY. PHONE, WRITE OR Call on J. V. KELLY, Bradley, Ky.

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OIL SPRINGS, KENTUCKY.

Poor house Farm Wanted.

The Fiscal Court desires to purchase a poor house farm. Call on or address Judge Salyer or any of the Justices of the peace.

Lexington & Eastern Ry

Effective May 28, 1911.

No. 2, EAST BOUND	No. 4, DAILY p.m.	Stations	Daily p.m.
1 35	7 20	Lexington	
2 17	8 03	Winchester	
2 35	8 18	L. & E. Junction	
3 05	8 50	Clay City	
3 47	9 27	Campton Junction	
4 04	9 44	Torrent	
4 25	10 04	Beattyville Junction	
4 52	10 30	Athol	
5 19	10 57	O. & K. Junction	
5 25	11 05	Jackson	
	11 25	Quicksand	

No. 1, WEST BOUND	No. 3, DAILY a.m.	Stations	Daily a.m.
5 05	1 25	Quicksand	
5 10	1 50	Jackson	
5 15	1 57	O. & K. Junction	
5 35	2 23	Athol	
6 03	2 51	Beattyville Junction	
6 25	3 13	Torrent	
6 43	3 30	Campton Junction	
7 19	4 05	Clay City	
7 51	4 37	L. & E. Junction	
8 05	4 50	Winchester	
8 50	5 35	Lexington	

Lexington—Train No. 1 will make connection with the L. & N. at Lexington for Louisville, Ky. No. 3 will make connection with L. & N. at Winchester for Cincinnati, Ohio.
Campton Junction—Trains No. 1, 2, 3 and 4 will make connection with Mountain Central Ry. to and from Campton.
Beattyville Junction—Trains No. 1, 2 and 3 will make connection with L. & A. Railway for Beattyville.
O. & K. Junction—Trains No. 2, 3 and 4 will make connection with Ohio and Kentucky Ry. for Canal City and O. & K. stations.

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AND ALL POINTS SOUTH AND SOUTHWEST.

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